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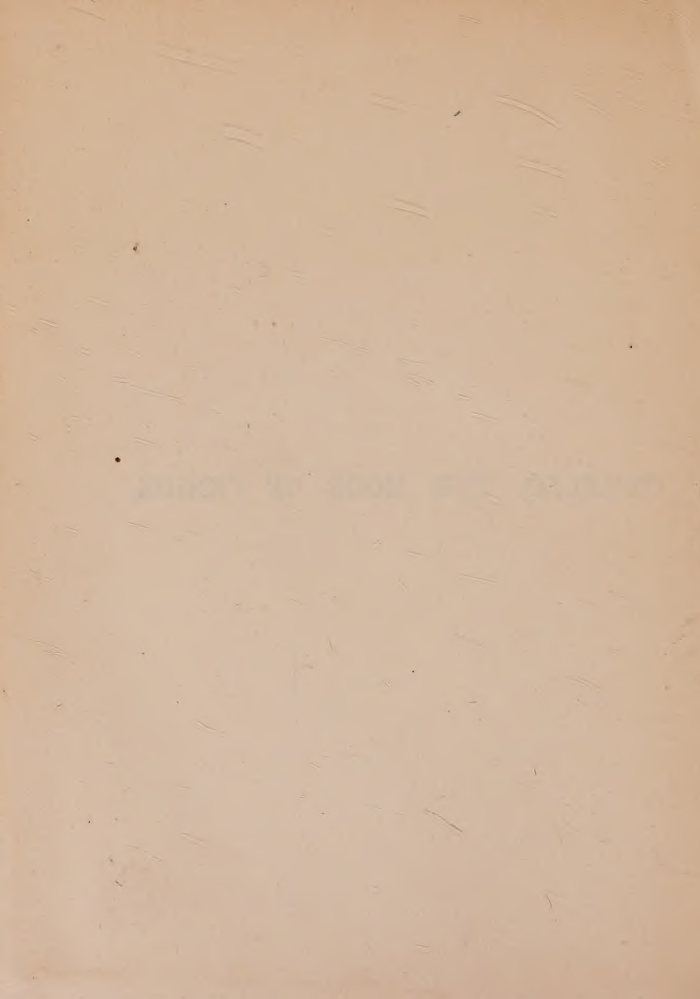
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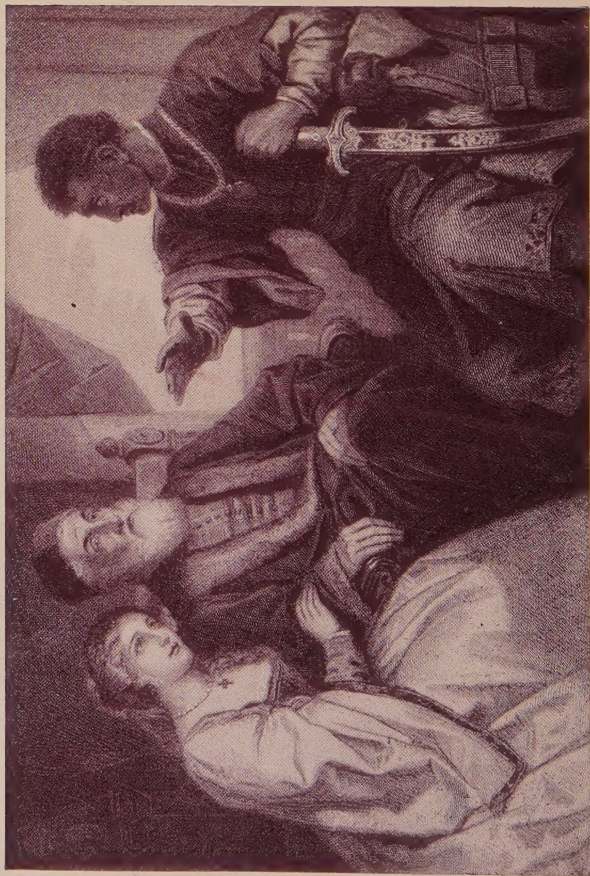
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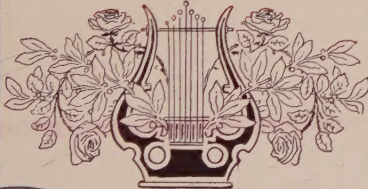
OTHELLO.

# OTHELLO

THE MOOR OF VENICE

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



822.33

PHILADELPHIA

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1/24/58

## INTRODUCTION.

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SINCE there has been manipulation of the "Egerton Papers," published by the Camden Society, and of the "Accounts of the Revels," published by the old Shakespeare Society, we cannot say with confidence on their authority that *Othello* was acted at Harefield before Queen Elizabeth in August, 1602, and again at Court on the 1st of November, 1605. The first quarto of the play was entered at Stationers' Hall by Thomas Walkley on the 6th of October, 1621, and published in 1622, with a short preface from "The Stationer to the Reader," to which Thomas Walkley signed his name. The play was next printed in the first folio of 1623. Seven years later there was another edition in quarto. This quarto of 1630 gives distinct aid to the ascertaining of the text.

The source of the story is the seventh Novel of the third Decad in Cinthio's "Hecatommithi," of which there was an early translation into French, and there may have been an early translation into

English. In English, French, or Italian, Shakespeare certainly had read it. A later translation of it into English follows this Introduction to the play.

Shakespeare has planned his tale to represent the ruin of a noble nature that has allowed one evil passion to obtain dominion over it. The theme here is jealousy, the deadliest disease of love; but what is true of one passion is true of all. Only a cunning villainy could infect the mind of Othello with its poison. In the distribution of the story of the play into its five acts—Act I. introduces the villain, shows his character, his opportunity, and first conception of his plot; Act II., the beginning of its execution by treacherous devices against Cassio; Act III., the devices against Cassio brought into action against Othello, the first planting of jealousy, and forecast of its cruel end; Act IV., the passion in full blaze, its fire fed craftily; Act V., the devastation that its fury caused.

Othello is an energetic soldier of ripe years, a swarthy Moor, not a black negro, although Rodrigo scornfully confounds the two races by calling him "the thicklips." It was a custom in Italian free cities to dread placing command over their soldiery in the hands of one of their own citizens,

who might use the force at his disposal for the winning of sole mastery. A vigorous chieftain of a race that could claim kindred with no faction in the city was the general to be preferred, and there could be nothing better than a noble Moor of royal blood with a genius for war, like Othello. Robert Browning in his "Luria" has represented Florence trusting such a captain, whose fine Arab sense of beauty made him feel the charms of Florentine art, and give the best labour of his life in simple devotion to the State he served, but who found his simple nature caught in the meshes of hard policy, and himself crushed, lest, stranger as he was, his noble nature and the victories he won should give him a personal power that might grow to mastery. Such was the office of Othello among the Venetians.

Much stress is laid by Shakespeare on the marriage of Othello to Desdemona as a marriage of true minds. There is emphasis in the lines—

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them ;"

in Desdemona's words,

"I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate."

There is like emphasis in Othello's support to Desdemona's prayer that she might go with him to Cyprus—

“Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not  
To please the palate of my appetite.”

He is away to Cyprus on his marriage night for action against immediate danger from the Turk “with all his heart.” It is this purity of love that makes the foul suggestions of Iago against Desdemona, when he is made to believe them, loathsome and intolerable. Iago himself describes the man against whom he practises—

“The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so.”

And again,

“The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature.”

Iago is a young man of twenty-eight, selfish and cynical. “I have looked,” he says “upon the world for four times seven years.” He gives to his cynicism the shape of a blunt honesty, and has, so far, played the hypocrite successfully, veiling his private frauds and villainies by such practice as is shown throughout the story of Othello, where to the last his mask covers the malice of a devil until a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune shakes it off

and shows him as he is. But his cunning has enabled him to live undetected to the age of twenty-eight. His bold cynicism, that takes the shape of knowledge of the world, with aid from the subtleties of his hypocrisy, make him appear to his general, to the world, and even to the wife he plagues, "honest Iago." He deceives only the more easily because he seems to be a man who cannot flatter. Iago is one of two characters in Shakespeare who are more devils than men in their malice. The other is Richard III. To each he gives what Spenser made a name for the Devil, Hypocrisy—his other name for Archimago, Father of Wiles—as the main outward feature. To each he gives Self for the only God. And to each he gives the language of the cynic and that use of a hard sarcasm which he associates only with all that is worst in man. The playful rallying with which men and women often attack most vigorously those whom they love best—like the wit combats of Benedict and Beatrice—is not, indeed, the business of life, but is its harmless play. In Shakespeare malicious sarcasm is an opposite to love, and forms part of the nature we imagine in a devil. Milton in "Paradise Lost" did not omit it from the character of Satan.



Iago is at all points the opposite to a religious man who fulfils the law with a love that is without dissimulation, and works no ill to his neighbour. Othello allows passion to subdue his reason when he suffers himself to be tossed to and fro and practised upon by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness. A little speaking by him of the truth in love would have enabled Desdemona and Emilia to show him other truth that would have brought Iago's practice to detection. Othello's persuasion could only rest upon a deep conviction of Iago's honesty. Iago must have been able to play his dishonest part in life until the playing his bold game against Othello without any displacement of his mask. More than a dozen times in the play he is called "honest" Iago, for he acts the part of honesty, and the swift contrasts between his acts of cold-blooded cruelty and feigned solicitude as of an honest friend that play about his victims mark in the strongest way his power of dissimulation.

Doubt once admitted, Iago cunningly works the rack on which he has stretched his victim's mind, and leaves to him no interval for quiet thought. His plot is far-reaching. Cassio has the place of lieutenant to Othello which he had sought for himself and Iago is Othello's ancient.

Cassio must be supplanted. Iago's nature, that has faith in no man, makes him in his cold way jealous of his wife, jealous of Othello, jealous of Cassio. He may avenge himself on both, kill Cassio, torture Othello, and obtain Cassio's post as Othello's honest and most faithful friend. To achieve these ends, innocent Desdemona, who has given with enthusiasm her whole love to the brave soldier whose tales of perils touched her girlish heart, must be the sacrifice. The foolish Roderigo, meanwhile, is his purse, and is his tool in working out evil designs. A force of contrast quickens the enjoyment of that sudden outpouring of Emilia's loyalty and love, by which, in the end, hypocrisy is baffled, the full truth made known, and the feeling of the reader carried with her to the storm of all positions held by envy, hatred, and malice, in their siege against the charities of life. But it is not the purpose of these introductions to the Plays of Shakespeare to dwell in detail on their illustrations of the master-poet's art. They seek only to show that each has its point of unity in one great and therefore simple truth of life, which is its master-thought, and with which all its details are brought by the Poet's art into a close relation.

H. M.

## THE TALE OF THE MOOR.

*Translated from Cinthio, Hecatommithi Decad. III. Nov.  
7, by W. Parr (1795).*

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THERE was once in Venice a Moor of great merit, who for his personal courage, and the proofs he had given of his conduct, as well as his vigorous genius in the affairs of war, was held in great esteem by those gentlemen who, in rewarding patriotic services, excel all the republics that ever existed. It happened that a virtuous woman of great beauty, called Desdemona, not drawn by female appetite, but by the virtue of the Moor, fell in love with him ; and he, subdued by the charms and noble sentiments of the lady, became equally enamoured of her. Their passion was so successful that they were married, although her relations did all in their power to make her take another husband. They lived together in such peace and concord while they were at Venice, that there never passed between them either word or action that was not expressive of affection. The Venetians resolving to change the garrison which they maintain in Cyprus, elected the Moor to the command of the troops which they destined for that island. Although he was ex-

tiemely pleased with the honour proposed to him (as it is a dignity conferred only on those who are noble, brave, trusty, and of approved courage), yet was his joy diminished when he reflected on the length and inconvenience of the voyage, supposing that Desdemona must be very averse to undertaking it. His wife, who valued nothing in the world but her husband, and rejoiced exceedingly in the testimony of approbation so lately shewn him by a powerful and celebrated republic, was extremely impatient for the departure of the troops, that she might accompany him to a post of so much honour. But she was very much vexed at seeing the Moor disturbed ; and, not knowing the reason, said to him one day at dinner, "How can you be so melancholy after having received from the Senate so high and so honourable a distinction?" "My love for you, Desdemona," replied the Moor, "disturbs my enjoyment of the rank conferred upon me, since I am now exposed to this alternative—I must either endanger your life by sea, or leave you at Venice. The first would be terrible, as I shall suffer extremely from every fatigue you undergo, from every danger that threatens you : the second would render me insupportable to myself, as parting from you would be parting from my life." "Ah, husband," returned Desdemona, "why do you perplex yourself with such idle imaginations? I will follow you wherever you go, though it were

necessary to pass through fire instead of only going by water in a safe and well-equipped vessel. If there are dangers in the way, I will share them with you ; and, indeed, your affection for me could not be great, if you thought of leaving me at Venice to save me from a sea voyage, or believed that I would rather remain here in security than share with you both danger and fatigue. I insist, therefore, on your preparing for the voyage with all that cheerfulness which your dignity ought to inspire." The Moor then tenderly embraced his wife, saying, " May Heaven long preserve us in this degree of reciprocal affection." Soon afterwards, having settled his affairs and prepared the necessary stores, he went on board the galley with his wife and his company, and sailed for Cyprus with a favourable wind. He had in his company an ensign of a very amiable outward appearance, but whose character was extremely treacherous and base. He had imposed on the Moor's simplicity so successfully, that he gained his friendship ; for although he was, in fact, a very great coward, yet his carriage and conversation were so haughty and full of pretension, that you would have taken him for a Hector or an Achilles. This rascal had also conducted his wife with him to Cyprus, who was a handsome and discreet woman ; and, being an Italian, Desdemona was so fond of her, that they passed the greatest part of their time together.



In the same company was also a lieutenant, to whom the Moor was much attached. The lieutenant went often to the Moor's house, and dined frequently with him and his wife. Desdemona seeing that the Moor was so fond of him, shewed him every mark of attention and civility, with which the Moor was much pleased. The detestable ensign, forgetting his duty to his own wife, and violating all the laws of friendship, honour, and gratitude with which he was bound to the Moor, fell passionately in love with Desdemona, and thought only how he might enjoy her. He dare not, however, avow himself, for fear the Moor, if he discovered it, should instantly put him to death. He sought by all the private means in his power to make Desdemona conscious of his love. But she was so entirely taken up with the Moor, that she thought neither of him nor of any one else ; and all that he did to engage her affections produced not the least effect. He then took it into his head that this neglect arose from her being pre-engaged in favour of the lieutenant ; and not only determined to get rid of him, but changed his affection for her into the most bitter hatred. He studied, besides, how he might prevent in future the Moor from living happily with Desdemona, should his passion not be gratified after he had murdered the lieutenant. Revolving in his mind a variety of methods, all impious and abominable, he at last determined to accuse her to

the Moor of adultery with the lieutenant. But knowing the Moor's great affection for Desdemona, and his friendship for the lieutenant, he plainly saw that unless his deceit was very artfully conducted, it would be impossible to make him think ill, of either of them. For this reason he determined to wait till time and place afforded him a fit opportunity for entering on his wicked design; and it was not long before the Moor degraded the lieutenant for having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard. This accident was so painful to Desdemona, that she often tried to obtain for him her husband's pardon. In the meantime the Moor had observed to the ensign, that his wife teased him so much in favour of the lieutenant, that he feared he should be obliged at last to restore him to his commission. This appeared to that villain the proper moment for opening his scheme of treachery, which he began by saying, "Perhaps Desdemona is fond of his company." "And why?" said the Moor. "Nay," replied he, "I do not chuse to meddle between man and wife; but if you watch her properly, you will understand me." Nor would he, to the earnest entreaties of the Moor, afford any further explanation. These words had stung the Moor so severely, that he endeavoured perpetually to find out their meaning, and became exceedingly melancholy. Whereupon, when his wife some time after

wards repeated her solicitations that he would forgive the lieutenant, and not sacrifice the service and friendship of so many years to one slight fault. particularly as the lieutenant and the soldier were friends again, the Moor grew angry, and said to her, "It is somewhat extraordinary, Desdemona, that you should take so much trouble about this fellow; he is neither your brother nor your relation, that he should claim so much of your affection." His wife, with much sweetness and humility, replied, "I have no other motive for speaking, than the pain it gives me to see you deprived of so excellent a friend as you have always told me the lieutenant was to you. I hope you will not be angry with me; yet his fault does not merit so much of your hatred: but you Moors are of so warm a constitution that every trifle transports you with anger and revenge." The Moor, still more irritated by these words, replied, "Perhaps one who suspects it not may learn that by experience; I will be revenged for the injuries done to me, so thoroughly, that I shall be satisfied." His wife was much terrified by these expressions, and seeing him, for the first time, in a passion with her, submissively answered, "I have none but the purest motives for speaking on the business: but not to displease you in future, I promise never to speak of it again." The Moor, on this new application made by his wife in

favour of the lieutenant, imagined that the ensign's words meant that she was in love with him: he therefore went to that scoundrel in a state of great dejection, and endeavoured to make him speak more intelligibly. The ensign, bent on the ruin of this poor woman, after feigning an unwillingness to say anything to her disadvantage, and at last pretending to yield to the vehement entreaties of the Moor, said, "I cannot conceal the pain I feel in being under the necessity of making a discovery which will be to you so very shocking; but since you insist on it, and the attention which I ought to pay to the honour of my commanding officer prompts me to speak, I will not now refuse to satisfy your demand and my own duty. You must know, then, that Desdemona is only displeased at seeing you angry with the lieutenant, because, when he comes to your house, she consoles herself with him for the disgust which your blackness now occasions her to feel." These words penetrated to the very bottom of the Moor's heart; but to be better informed (although his previous suspicion made him give great credit to the ensign's information) he assumed a threatening countenance, and said, "I know not what prevents me from cutting out that insolent tongue of yours that has so impudently attacked the honour of my wife." The ensign then replied, "I expected no other reward for this friendly office of mine; but since

my duty has made me go so far, and my regard for your honour still remains, I tell you again that the case is so ; and if her feigned affection for you has blindfolded you to such a degree that you have not seen what is so very visible, that does not at all lessen the truth of my assertion. The lieutenant himself, who is one of those who are not content with their own enjoyments when some other is not made acquainted with them, told me so ; and," added he, "if I had not feared your displeasure, I would have given him at the time that death he merited. But since the information I give you, which concerns you more than any one else, makes you treat me so very improperly, I am sorry I did not hold my tongue, that I might have avoided giving you offence." The Moor then answered, in great agitation, "If you do not make me to see with my own eyes the truth of what you tell me, be assured that I will make you wish you had been born dumb." "This would have been easy enough," replied the villain, "when he came to your house : but now that you have driven him away for a much lighter reason than that which ought to have banished him thence, it will be difficult to prove it. For though I think yet that he continues to enjoy Desdemona whenever you give him an opportunity, he must necessarily proceed with greater caution now than he did before he had incurred your



displeasure. But I do not despair of making you see that which upon my word you will not believe." They then separated. The poor Moor went home with a barbed arrow in his side, waiting impatiently for the day when the ensign should show him what was to render him for ever miserable. But the known purity of Desdemona's conduct gave no less uneasiness to the villainous ensign, because he was afraid he should not be able to convince the Moor of what he had so falsely assured him. He applied himself therefore to the invention of new malice, and devised other expedients. I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both ; he determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl of three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona ; and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from her sash the handkerchief with such dexterity that she did not perceive him, and went away with it in very high

spirits. Desdemona went home, and, taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor should ask her for it, as he often did. The infamous ensign, watching his opportunity, went to the lieutenant, and, to aid his wicked purpose, left the handkerchief on his bolster. The lieutenant did not find it till the next morning, when, getting up, he set his foot upon it as it had fallen to the floor. Not being able to imagine how it came there, and knowing it to be Desdemona's, he determined to carry it back to her; and, waiting till the Moor was gone out, he went to the back-door and knocked. Fortune, who seemed to have conspired along with the ensign the death of this poor woman, brought the Moor home in the same instant. Hearing some one knock he went to the window, and, much disturbed, asked, "Who is there?" The lieutenant hearing his voice, and fearing that when he came down he should do him some mischief, ran away without answering. The Moor came down, and finding no one either at the door or in the street, returned full of suspicion to his wife, and asked if she knew who it was that had knocked. She answered with great truth that she knew not. "But I think," said he, "it was the lieutenant."—"It might be he," said she, "or any one else." The Moor checked himself

at the time, though he was violently enraged, and determined to take no step without first consulting the ensign. To him he immediately went, and related what had just happened, begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could on the subject. The ensign rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him one day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his motions and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he had concealed nothing from him. "He says he has enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity; and that in their last interview she had made him a present of that handkerchief which you gave her." The Moor thanked him, and thought that if his wife had no longer the handkerchief in her possession, it would be a proof that the ensign had told him the truth. For which reason one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at the question, and, to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran

to her wardrobe and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some time, "I cannot conceive," said she, "what is become of it! have not you taken it?" "Had I taken it," replied he, "I should not have asked you for it. But you may look for it another time more at your ease." Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for the murder. Thinking night and day on this subject, he could not prevent Desdemona from perceiving that his behaviour to her was very different from what it had been formerly. She often asked him what it was that agitated him so violently. "You, who were once the merriest man alive, are now the most melancholy." The Moor answered and alleged a variety of reasons, but she was not satisfied with any of them; and knowing that she had done nothing to justify so much agitation, she began to fear that he grew tired of her. She once in conversation with the ensign's wife expressed herself thus:—"I know not what to say of the Moor; he used to treat me most affectionately; and I begin to fear that my example will teach young women never to marry against their parents' consent, and the Italians in particular, not to connect themselves with men from whom they are separated by nature, climate, education, and complexion. But as I know him to be the

confidential of your husband, whom he consults on all occasions, I intreat you, if you have heard anything that might explain this mystery and be of use to me, not to deny me your assistance." These words were accompanied with a flood of tears.

The ensign's wife, who knew all (as her husband had in vain endeavoured to prevail upon her to become an accomplice in the murder of Desdemona), but durst tell her nothing for fear of her husband, only said, "Take care not to give the Moor any cause for suspicion, and do all in your power to convince him of your affection and fidelity."—"Why, so I do," said she, "but to no purpose." The Moor, in the meantime, did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true, and begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant. Although this was a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief, determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and



innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant; and, consulting together about the means, the Moor intreated him to undertake the assassination of the officer, promising never to forget so great an obligation. He refused, however, to attempt what was so very difficult and dangerous, as the lieutenant was equally brave and vigilant; but with much entreaty and considerable presents he was prevailed on to say that he would hazard the experiment. One dark night, after taking this resolution, he observed the lieutenant coming out of the house of a female libertine where he usually passed his evenings, and assaulted him sword in hand. He struck at his legs with a view of bringing him to the ground, and with the first blow cut him quite through the right thigh. The poor man instantly fell, and the ensign ran to him to put him to death. But the lieutenant, who was courageous, and familiar with wounds and slaughter, having drawn his sword, notwithstanding his desperate situation, and raised himself for defence, cried out "Murder" as loud as he could. The ensign, perceiving that some people were coming, and that the soldiers quartered thereabouts had taken the alarm, fled for fear of being caught, and, turning about again, pretended likewise that he had been brought there by the noise. Placing himself among the rest, and seeing that the leg was cut off, he concluded that though he was not dead,

he must die of this wound ; and although he **was** exceedingly rejoiced at all this, yet he condoled with the lieutenant as much as if he had been his brother. The next morning this accident was spread all over the city, and came to the ears of Desdemona, who being very compassionate, and not suspecting that this could occasion mischief to herself, expressed the greatest concern for the lieutenant's misfortune. The Moor drew from hence the worst of inferences, and said to the ensign, "You must know that my simpleton of a wife is almost mad with sorrow for the lieutenant's accident."—"How could it be otherwise," said he, "as he is her life and soul?" "How," said the Moor, "her life and her soul! I will separate her soul from her body. I should disgrace my manhood if I killed her not." And discoursing together if poison or the dagger would be best, and not liking either the one or the other, the ensign said, "A method has occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion. The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places. Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this would remain on the body : when she is dead we will pull down a part of the ceiling, and bruise your wife's head ; then give out that a beam in falling has done this, and killed her. If you follow this

advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental." This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber. When they were in bed, the ensign, according to his instruction, made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she had heard it. She answered Yes. —"Get up, then, and see what it is." Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet-door the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared gave her a violent blow on the small of the back. She fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed and said to her, "Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity!—even so are those wives treated who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds." The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second blow that the ensign had given her, said, "That, since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the Divine Justice in favour of her honour and her truth;" and invoking the Divine assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck a third time. Afterwards they placed her in bed;

and after breaking her skull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours on this alarm ran thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams. Her life had been so virtuous that every one lamented her fate ; and the following day she was buried, to the great sorrow of the whole island. But God, who is a just observer of the hearts of men, suffered not so great a crime to pass without the punishment that was due to it. So that the Moor, who had loved Desdemona more than his eyes, finding himself deprived of her, began to regret her so extremely, that he almost lost his senses, and went about the house looking for her in every room. Reflecting besides that the ensign had been the cause of his losing along with her all the enjoyments of life, and even his own faculties, that villain became so insupportable to him, that he could not bear the sight of him ; and had he not feared the strict and impartial justice of the Venetians, he would have put him openly to death. But not being able to do this with safety to himself, he degraded him from his commission, and permitted him no longer to remain in the company. Hence arose between them the most bitter enmity that can be conceived ; and the ensign, the greatest of all villains, studied only how he might be revenged on the Moor. He

went to the lieutenant, who was cured and walked about with his wooden leg, and said to him, "The time is now come when you may be revenged for the loss of your leg; and if you will come with me to Venice, I will tell you who the assassin was. Here I dare not inform you for many reasons; but there I will be your witness in a court of justice." The lieutenant, who felt himself violently exasperated against the person, though unknown to him, thanked the ensign, and came away with him to Venice. When they were arrived, the ensign told him that the Moor was the person who had cut off his leg, because he suspected him of adultery with his wife, and that for the same reason he had murdered her, and afterwards given out that she had been killed by the ceiling's falling in upon her. The lieutenant on hearing this, immediately accused the Moor before the Council of the injury done to himself, and the murder of Desdemona; and the ensign being called as a witness, asserted the truth of both these accusations, and added that the Moor had communicated to him the whole project with a view of persuading him to execute both these crimes; and when he had murdered his wife from the impulse of a furious jealousy, he had related to him the manner in which he had put her to death. The Venetian magistrates hearing that one of their fellow-citizens had been treated with so much cruelty by a

barbarian, had the Moor arrested in Cyprus and brought to Venice, where, by means of the torture, they endeavoured to find out the truth. But the Moor possessed force and constancy of mind sufficient to undergo the torture without confessing anything; and though by his firmness he escaped death at this time, he was, after a long imprisonment, condemned to perpetual exile, in which he was afterwards killed, as he deserved to be, by his wife's relations.

The ensign returned to his country, where, still continuing his old practices, he accused one of his companions of having attempted to murder a nobleman who was his enemy. The man was taken up and put to the torture, and, denying firmly the crime laid to his charge, his accuser was also put to the torture; where he was racked so violently that his vitals were injured, and upon being conducted home he died in great agony. Thus was the divine vengeance executed against those who had murdered the innocent Desdemona.

The ensign's wife, who had been informed of the whole affair, after his death thus circumstantially related the story.

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, *Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Clown, Servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio and Wife to Othello.

EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

*SCENE.*—For the First Act, in VENICE; during the rest of the Play, at a sea-port in CYPRUS.

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## ACT I

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

*Rod.* Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—

If ever I did dream of such a matter,

Abhor me.



*Rod.* Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in  
thy hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones  
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off capped to him ;—and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I 'm worth no worse a place ;—  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance  
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war ;  
And, in conclusion,  
Nonsuits my mediators ; for, ' Certes,' says he,  
' I have already chose my officer.'  
And what was he ?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife ;  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoric,  
Wherein the togéd consuls can propose  
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the  
election :

And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus. and on other grounds.

Christian and heathen,—must be lee'd and calmed  
By debtor-and-creditor, this counter-caster;  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's  
ancient.

*Rod.* By Heaven, I rather would have been his  
hangman.

*Iago.* But there's no remedy; 't is the curse of  
service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just term am affined  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O, sir, content you;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and when he's old,  
cashiered:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,  
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by 'em, and, when they've lined  
their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some  
soul ;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself ;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end :

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In complement extern, 't is not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips  
owe,

If he can carry 't thus !

*Iago.* Call up her father ;

Rouse him :—make after him, poison his delight,

Proclaim him in the streets : incense her kinsmen :

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,

Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,

Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't,  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire  
yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho ! Brabantio ! Signior Brabantio,  
ho !

*Iago.* Awake ! what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !  
thieves ! thieves !

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !  
Thieves ! thieves !

*BRABANTIO appears above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible  
summons ?

What is the matter there ?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within ?

*Iago.* Are your doors locked ?

*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this ?

*Iago.* Zounds, sir ! you are robbed ; for shame,  
put on your gown ;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise !

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits ?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my  
voice ?

*Bra.* Not I : what are you ?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worser welcome :  
I've charged thee not to haunt about my doors.  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter 's not for thee ; and now, in  
madness,  
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure  
My spirit and my place have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is  
Venice ;  
My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* Zounds, sir ! you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you 'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse ; you 'll have your nephews neigh to you ; you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou ?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer : I know thee,  
Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,—  
As partly, I find, it is,—that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :  
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself :  
If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho !  
Give me a taper !—call up all my people !—  
This accident is not unlike my dream ;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.—  
Light, I say ! light ! *[Exit from above.]*

*Iago.* Farewell ; for I must leave you :  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—  
Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state—  
However this may gall him with some check—  
Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's embarked  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have none,  
To lead their business : in which regard,



Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely  
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raiséd search ;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil : gone she is ;  
And what's to come of my despiséd time  
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !—  
With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a  
father ?—

How didst thou know 't was she ?—O, she deceives  
me

Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more  
tapers !

Raise all my kindred !—Are they married, think  
you ?

*Rod.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O Heaven !—How got she out ?—O, treason  
of the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'  
minds

By what you see them act.—Is there not charms  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, would you had  
had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think, I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll  
call;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.—  
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—Venice. Another Street.

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with torches.

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain  
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

*Oth.* 'T is better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,  
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,  
That the magnifico is much beloved;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential  
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—  
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services which I have done the signiory  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to  
know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reached: for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition

Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look, what lights come  
yond?

*Iago.* Those are the raiséd father, and his friends:  
You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I; I must be found:  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO and certain Officers with torches*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.  
It is a business of some heat: the galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly  
called for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'T is well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [*Exit.*

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-  
carack :

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio.—General, be advised ;

He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers, with  
torches and weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla ! stand there !

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief !

[*They draw on both sides.*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew  
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed  
my daughter ?—

Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage that she shunned  
The wealthy curléd darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms ;  
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
That weaken motion.—I'll have 't disputed on ;  
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—  
Lay hold upon him : if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge ?

*Bra.* To prison ; till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey ?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him ?

*Off.* 'T is true, most worthy signior :  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How ! the duke in council !  
In this time of the night !—Bring him away.  
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own ;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.—The Same. A Council Chamber.  
*The DUKE, and Senators, sitting at a table ; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they 're disproportioned :  
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred :  
But though they jump not on a just account,—  
As in these cases where the aim reports  
'T is oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [*Within.*] What, ho ! what, ho ! what,  
ho !

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter a Sailor.*

*Duke.* Now, what 's the business ?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes :

So was I bid report here to the state  
By Signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change ?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason : 't is a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;  
And let ourselves again but understand  
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dressed in :—if we make thought  
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for  
Rhodes.

*1 Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed with an after fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him; post-post-haste  
despatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant  
Moor.

*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and  
*Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ  
you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

[*To* BRABANTIO.] I did not see you; welcome,  
gentle signior;

We lacked your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath raised me from my bed ; nor doth the general  
care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Bra.* My daughter ! O, my daughter ?

*Sen.* Dead ?

*Bra.* Ay, to me ;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceed-  
ing,

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,

Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We are very sorry for it.

*Duke.* [To OTHELLO.] What, in your own part,  
can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her :  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my  
speech,

And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace ;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field ;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;  
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious  
patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what  
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—  
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—

I won his daughter.

*Fra.* A maiden never bold ;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself ; and she—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, everything—  
To fall in love with what she feared to look on !  
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect  
That will confess, perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof,  
Without more wider and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

*1 Sen.* But, Othello, speak :  
Did you by indirect and forc'd courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ;  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth ?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father :

If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.*

Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the  
place.— [*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,  
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach ;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history ;



Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process ;—

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline :  
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intentively : I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing  
strange ;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :

She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished

That Heaven had made her such a man : she  
thanked me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used :  
Here comes the lady ; let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA with IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think, this tale would win my daughter  
too.—

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak :  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress :  
Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience ?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty :  
To you I am bound for life and education ;

My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you ; you 're the lord of duty,—  
I'm hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;  
And so much duty as my mother showed  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Bra.* God b' wi' you !—I have done.—  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs :  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I'm glad at soul I have no other child ;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a  
sentence,  
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,

Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robbed, that smiles steals something from the  
thief:

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ,  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :  
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruised heart was piercéd through the  
ear.

Beseech you now, to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation  
makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the  
place is best known to you ; and though we have  
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet  
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a  
more safer voice on you : you must therefore be  
content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes  
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity  
I find in hardness ; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;  
Due reference of place, and exhibition ;  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please, be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I ; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona ?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world : my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord :  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords : beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite,  
Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects,  
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction ;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :  
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you  
think

I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys  
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness  
My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation.

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer it.

1 *Sen.* You must away to-night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet  
again.—

Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you,  
With such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient ;  
A man he is of honesty and trust :  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—  
Good night to every one.—[*To BRABANTIO.*] And,  
noble signior,  
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor ; use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see :  
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

*Oth.* My life upon her faith !—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :  
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

*Rod.* Iago !

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart ?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou ?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is a  
torment ; and then have we a prescription to die  
when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O, villainous ! I have looked upon the  
world for four times seven years, and since I could  
distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never  
found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere  
I would say I would drown myself for the love of  
a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with  
a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do ? I confess, it is my  
shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to  
amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue ? a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we  
are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to  
the which our wills are gardeners : so that if we



will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions : but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man : drown thyself ? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness ; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her : it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration ;—put but money in

thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money :—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must : therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst ; if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore, make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way : seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which

will be delivered. Traverse ; go : provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to ; farewell.—Do you hear, Roderigo ?

*Rod.* What say you ?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear ?

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll go sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to ; farewell ! put money enough in  
your purse. [*Exit RODERIGO.*]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;  
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane  
If I would time expend with such a snipe  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;  
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets  
He has done my office : I know not if't be true ;  
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well .  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio 's a proper man : let me see now ;  
To get his place, and to plume up my will  
In double knavery,—How, how ?—Let 's see :—  
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife :—

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
To be suspected ; framed to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose  
As asses are.—  
I have 't ;—it is engendered :—hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's  
light. [Exit.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.  
A Platform.

*Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at  
sea ?

*1 Gent.* Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought  
flood ;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at  
land ;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements ;

If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous  
                    mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchas'd flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned;  
**It is impossible to bear it out.**

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* News, lads ! our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks,  
That their designment halts : a noble ship of  
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How ! is this true ?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore : the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on 't ; 't is a worthy governor.

*3 Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak  
of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heavens he be ;  
For I have served him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho !  
As well to see the vessel that's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue  
An indistinct regard.

*3 Gent.* Come, let's do so ;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor.—O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well shipped ?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot

Of very éxpert and approved allowance ,  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

[ *Within.* ]                      A sail, a sail, a sail !

*Enter a fourth Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise ?

4 *Gent.* The town is empty ; on the brow o' the  
sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry ' A sail ! '

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[ *Guns heard.* ]

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy :  
Our friends, at least.

*Cas.*                      I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 't is that is arrived.

2 *Gent.* I shall.                      [ *Exit.* ]

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general  
wived ?

*Cas.* Most fortunately : he hath achieved a maid  
That paragons description and wild fame ;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And, in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

How now ! who has put in !

2 *Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and happy  
speed :

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The guttered rocks, and congregated sands,—  
Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel,—  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she ?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's  
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful  
breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms, .  
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort ?—

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and*  
*Attendants.*

O, behold,  
The riches of the ship is come on shore !



Ye men of Cyprus let her have your knees.—  
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of Heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round !

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

*Cas.* He is not yet arrived : nor know I aught  
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear—How lost you company ?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship : but, hark ! a sail.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail ! [*Guns heard.*

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel :  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See, for the news !—

[*Exit Gentlemen.*

Good ancient, you are welcome :—[*To EMILIA.*]  
welcome, mistress :

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners : 't is my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her  
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You 'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much ;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep :

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on : you 're pictures out of  
doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives in  
your beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou  
shouldst praise me ?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;

For I am nothing, if not critical.

*Des.* Come on ; assay.—There 's one gone to the  
harbour ?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry ; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—

It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse labours,

And thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well praised! How, if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes, to make  
fools laugh i' the ale-house. What miserable  
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish there-  
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the  
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow

on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lacked gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said, 'Now I may';  
She that, being angered, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind:  
She was a wight, if ever such wights were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small  
beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!—  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy  
husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most  
profane and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish  
him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay,  
well said, whisper: with as little a web as this  
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile

upon her, do ; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 't is so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good ; well kissed, an excellent courtesy ! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—[*A trumpet heard.*] The Moor ! I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'T is truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes !

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior !

*Des.* My dear Othello !

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have wakened  
death ;

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,  
'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow !

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers !  
I cannot speak enough to this content ;  
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy :  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be  
[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make !

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] O, you are well  
tuned now ;

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.—  
News, friends : our wars are done, the Turks are  
drowned.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle ?—  
Honey, you shall be well-desired in Cyprus ;  
I've found great love amongst them. O my  
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.

Bring thou the master to the citadel ;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard :—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him ! why, 't is not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies ; and will she love him still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for the want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,

begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does ? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden-loose affection ? why, none ; why, none : a slipper and subtle knave ; a finder-out of occasions ; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself : a devilish knave ! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after ; a pestilent complete knave : and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her : she is full of most blessed condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end ! the wine she drinks is made of grapes : if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor : blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did ; but that was but courtesy.



*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, haply, may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit; The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust—though, peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin— But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am evened with him, wife for wife; Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on, I 'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.

Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;  
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,  
For making him egregiously an ass,  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confused :  
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.*

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SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter a Herald, with a proclamation ; people following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph ; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello !

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and *Attendants*.

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:  
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
Will I look to 't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest  
Let me have speech with you.—[*To DESDEMONA.*]

Come, my dear love:  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;  
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—  
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and  
*Attendants.*

*Enter* IAGO.

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet  
ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the  
love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore  
blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night  
with her, and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they ?

*Iago.* Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't ; but it dislikes me. [Exit.

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool,  
Roderigo,

Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,  
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused  
Potations pottle-deep ; and he's to watch.  
Three lads of Cyprus—noble, swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle—  
Have I to-night flustered with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle :—but here they come.  
If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream—

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, Gentlemen,  
and Servant with wine.*

*Cas.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse  
already.

Mon Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint,  
as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho !

[Sings.] *And let me the canakin clink, clink;*

*And let me the canakin clink :*

*A soldier's a man ;*

*A life's but a span ;*

*Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys !

[Wine brought in.

*Cas.* 'Fore God, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* sweet England !

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all to dear,  
With that he called the tailor lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree:  
'T is pride that pulls the country down;  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear 't again ?

*Cas.* No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, God 's above all ; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It 's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me : the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this ; let 's to our affairs.—God forgive us our sins !—Gentleman, let 's look to our



business. Do not think, gentleman, I am drunk : this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand.—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well then ; you must not think then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* To the platform, masters : come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before :  
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar  
And give direction ; and do but see his vice.  
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other : 't is pity of him.  
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus ?

*Iago.* 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep :  
He'll watch the horologe a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ?

*Enter* RODERIGO.

*Iago.* [*Aside to him.*] How now, Roderigo?  
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.]

*Mon.* And 't is great pity that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place as his own second  
With one of an ingraft infirmity:  
It were an honest action to say  
So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:  
I do love Cassio well; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil.—But hark! what noise?  
[*Cry within.* "Help! help!"

*Re-enter* CASSIO, *pursuing* RODERIGO.

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking* RODERIGO.]

*Mon.*

Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you. sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,  
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come ; you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk ! [*They fight.*]

*Iago.* [*Aside to RODERIGO.*] Away, I say ! go  
out, and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit RODERIGO.*]

Nay good lieutenant,—God's will, gentleman !  
Help, ho !—Lieutenant,—sir—Montano,—sir ;—  
Help, masters !—Here's a goodly watch, indeed !  
[*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell ?—*Diablo*, ho !  
The town will rise : God's will, lieutenant, hold !  
You will be shamed for ever.

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here ?

*Mon.* I bleed still : I am hurt to the death.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives !

*Iago.* Hold, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,  
—gentlemen !—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?  
Hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for shame !

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth  
this ?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?  
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :  
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage  
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—  
Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle  
From her propriety.—What is the matter, mas-  
ters ?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know :—friends all but now, even  
now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now—  
As if some planet had unwitted men—  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

*Oth.* How came it, Michael, you are thus forgot !

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil.  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure : what's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—  
While I spare speech, which something now offends  
me,—

Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by Heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;  
And passion, having my best judgment collied,  
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;  
And he that is approved in this offence,  
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What ! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !  
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it ?

*Mon.* If partially affined, or leagued in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near :  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help,  
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—  
The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose ; and I returned the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—  
For this was brief—I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust, even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter can I not report :—  
But men are men : the best sometimes forget :—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee ;  
But never more be officer of mine —

*Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up !  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What's the matter ?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting ; come away to  
bed.—

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon :—  
Lead him off.— [*MONTANO is led off.*

Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—  
Come, Desdemona ; 't is the soldiers' life,  
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* Ay ; past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, Heaven forbid !

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I  
have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal

part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation !

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving : you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again : you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather **sue** to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with **your** sword ? What had he done to you ?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is 't possible ?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing



distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains ! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts !

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recovered ?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath : one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast ! O, strange !—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used : exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago.

[Exit.]

*Iago.* And what's he then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest,  
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course  
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy  
The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful  
As the free elements. And then for her  
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,  
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
His soul is so enfettered to her love  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I then a  
villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
When devils will their blackest sins put on  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—  
That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;  
And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh them all.

*Re-enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo ?

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent : I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and, I think, the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains ; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience !  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?  
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witch-  
craft ;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered  
Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe :  
Content thyself awhile. — By the mass, 't is  
morning ;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :  
Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :  
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit RODERIGO.*] Two things  
are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;  
I'll set her on ;  
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife :—ay, that's the way ;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay [*Exit.*]

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

*Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here,—I will content your  
pains,—  
Something that's brief ; and bid, 'Good morrow,  
general' [*Music.*]

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been  
in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus :

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how ?

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, called wind-instruments?

*1 Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

*1 Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

*1 Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*1 Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air, away!

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir : if she will stir hither,  
I shall seem to notify unto her.

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

*Enter IAGO.*

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then ?

*Cas.* Why, no ; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife : my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently ;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free.

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit IAGO.*]

I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry  
For your displeasure ; but all will sure be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it,  
And she speaks for you stoutly : The Moor replies,  
That be you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus  
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you ; but he protests he  
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings  
To take the saf'st occasion by the front  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemon alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in :  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you.  
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,  
And by him do my duties to the senate :  
That done, I will be walking on the works ;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord ; I'll do 't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, — shall we  
see 't ?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*



## SCENE III.—The Garden of the Castle.

*Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

*Des.* Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do : I warrant it grieves  
my husband  
As if the cause were his.

*Des.* O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,  
Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never anything but your true servant.

*Des.* I know 't : I thank you. You do love my  
lord ;  
You have known him long : and be you well assured,  
He shall in strangeness stand no further off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent and my place supplied,

My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that : before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee  
If I do vow a friendship I 'll perform it  
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;  
I 'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;  
I 'll intermingle everything he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio ;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I 'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* Ha ! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say ?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think  
it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,

Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 't was he.

*Des.* How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is 't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my  
lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,

His present reconciliation take;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,

That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face.

I pr'ythee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me,

To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other  
time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday  
morn ;

On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday morn :—

I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days ; in faith, he's penitent ;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—

Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of her best,—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come ?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael

Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do

To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he  
will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.*

Why, this is not a boon ;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit

To your own person : nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing :  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you ? no. Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee  
straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach  
you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit, with EMILIA.*

*Oth.* Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my  
lady,

Know of your love ?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last : why dost thou  
ask ?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought ;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago ?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted  
with her.

*Oth.* O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed ?

*Oth.* Indeed ! ay, indeed : discern'st thou aught  
in that ?

Is he not honest ?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord ?

*Oth.* Honest ! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think ?

*Iago.* Think, my lord ?

*Oth.* Think, my lord !

By Heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-  
thing.

I heard thee say even now,—thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ?

And, when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst,  
'Indeed !'

And didst contract and purse thy brow together

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost ;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them  
breath,

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more:  
For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just  
They're close delations, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, would they might seem  
none !

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of  
thoughts

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me :

Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts ! Why, say they are vile and  
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things,  
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful ?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his  
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.*

I do beseech you.—

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not,—that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice ; nor build yourself  
trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.*

What dost thou mean ?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear my  
lord,



Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something,  
nothing ;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to  
thousands ;

But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By Heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your  
hand ;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Iago.* O ! beware my lord, of jealousy ;  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;  
But, O, what damnéd minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet soundly  
loves !

*Oth.* O misery !

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough ;  
But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—  
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy !

*Oth.*

Why, why is this?

Think 'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me  
jealous

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of it: for now I shall have  
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me—I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure;  
I would not have your free and noble nature,

Out of self-bounty, be abused : look to't

I know our country disposition well ;

In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks

They dare not show their husbands ; their best  
conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so ?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you ;  
And, when she seemed to shake and fear your  
looks,

She loved them most.

*Oth.*

And so she did.

*Iago.*

Why, go to, then ;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,

To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,—

He thought 't was witchcraft :— but I' m much to  
blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon

For too much loving you.

*Oth.*

I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

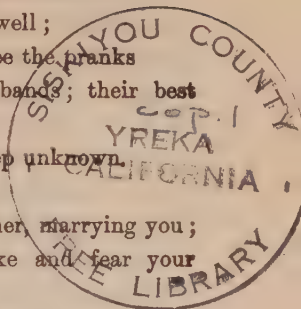
*Iago.*

Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke

Comes from my love.—But, I do see you're moved ;

I am to pray you not to strain my speech



To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend—

My lord, I see you're moved.

*Oth.* No, not much moved.—  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so ! and long live you to  
think so !

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point :—as—to be bold  
with you—

Not to affect many proposéd matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :  
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
But pardon me ; I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country form,  
And happily repent.

*Oth.*

Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more,  
Set on thy wife to observe.—Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [Going]

*Oth.* Why did I marry?—This honest creature,  
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* [Returning.] My lord, I would I might  
entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,

For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means:

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity;

Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—

As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave [Exit.]

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,

Of human dealings; if I do prove her haggard,

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind.

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have ; or, for I am declined  
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much :  
She's gone, I am abused ; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage !  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great  
ones ;  
Prerogativéd are they less than the base ;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death :  
Even then this forkéd plague is fated to us  
When we do quicken. Look, where she comes.  
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !—  
I'll not believe it.

*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello !  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly !  
Are you not well ?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* 'Faith, that 's with watching; 't will away  
again :

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little.

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and  
she drops it.*]

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

*Des.* I'm very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin :

This was her first remembrance from the Moor :

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal 't; but she so loves the  
token,—

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,—

That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk too. I'll have the work ta'en  
out,

And give 't Iago :

What he will do with it Heaven knows, not I ;

I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now ! what do you here alone ?

*Emil.* Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me ?—it is a common thing—

*Emil.* Ha ?

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all ? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief ?

*Iago.* What handkerchief !

*Emil.* What handkerchief !

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her ?

*Emil.* No, faith : she let it drop by negligence ;  
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench ; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with 't, that you have  
been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you ?

[*Snatching it.*]

*Emil.* If 't be not for some purpose of import,  
Give 't me again : poor lady ! she'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not acknown on 't : I have use for it.



Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it : trifles, light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something ;  
The Moor already changes with my poison :  
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—  
Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor man-  
dragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Ha ! ha ! false to me.

*Iago.* Why, how now, general ? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on  
the rack.—

I swear, 't is better to be much abused  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord ?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of  
lust ?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed not me :  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :  
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know 't and he 's not robbed at all.  
.*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
Farewell the pluméd troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !  
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord,—

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a  
whore,—

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;  
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my waked wrath.

*Iago.*

Is 't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so  
prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander 'her, and torture me,—  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

*Iago.*

O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—

God b' wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched  
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O  
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.*

By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art  
not :

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as  
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black  
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied ?

*Oth.* Would ! nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may ; but how ? how satisfied, my  
lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—  
Behold her tupp'd ?

*Oth.* Death and damnation ! O !

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect ; damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own ! What then ? how then ?  
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk : but yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office ;

But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,  
Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs :  
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—‘ Sweet Desdemona ;  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !’

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my  
hand,

Cry,—‘ O sweet creature ! and then kiss me  
hard,

As if he plucked up kisses by the roots  
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sighed, and kissed ; and  
then

Cried,—‘ Curséd fate, that gave thee to the  
Moor !’

*Oth.* O monstrous ! monstrous !

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion :

**T**is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other  
proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing  
done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this :

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one : 't was my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that : but such a handker-  
chief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven ;

**T** is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy  
    fraught,  
For 't is of aspics' tongues !

*Iago.* Yet be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood !

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may  
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—[*Kneeling.*] Now, by yond  
marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.—[*Kneeling.*  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above !  
You elements that clip us round about !  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wronged Othello's service ! Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't :  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead ; 't is done at your  
request :  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !  
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE IV.—Before the Castle.

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant  
Cassio lies ?

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies anywhere.

*Des.* Why, man ?

*Clo.* He is a soldier ; and for one to say a soldier  
lies, is stabbing.



*Des.* Go to. Where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

*Des.* Can anything be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

*Clo.* I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him; bid him come hither; tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it

[*Exit.*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my  
purse

Full of crusadoes; and but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who? he! I think the sun where he **was**  
born

Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be called to him.—

*Enter OTHELLO.*

How is't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady.—[*Aside.*] O. hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: this hand is moist,  
my lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:  
Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here  
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart

*Oth.* A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave  
hands :

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your  
promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck ?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with  
you.

*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not ?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she  
kept it,

'T would make her amiable and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathéd, and his spirits should  
hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,  
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't ;  
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;  
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is 't possible ?

*Oth.* 'T is true : there 's magic in the web of it.  
A sibyl that had numbered in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sewed the work ;  
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,  
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful  
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed ! is 't true ?

*Oth.* Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

*Des.* Then would to Heaven that I had never  
seen 't.

*Oth.* Ha ! wherefore ?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

*Oth.* Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out o' the  
way ?

*Des.* Heaven bless us :

*Oth.* Say you ?

*Des.* It is not lost ; but what an if it were

*Oth.* How ?

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch't; let me see't.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir; but I will not **now**.

This is a trick, to put me from my **suit** :

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief: **my mind**  
misgives.

*Des.* Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* A man that, all his time,  
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;  
Shared dangers with you;—

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [Exit.

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full  
They belch us.—Look you! Cassio and my husband

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* There is no other way ; 't is she must  
do 't :

*And*, lo, the happiness ! go and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio ? what's the news  
with you ?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,  
That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love  
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,  
Entirely honour : I would not be delayed.  
If my offence be of such mortal kind  
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purposed merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit ;  
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune ;  
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favour as in humour altered.  
So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best,

And stood within the blank of his displeasure  
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now,  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puffed his own brother;—and can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.  
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so. [*Exit IAGO.*—Some-  
thing, sure, of state—

Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice,  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him—  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense  
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observancy  
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—

Arraigning his unkindness with my soul :  
But now, I find, I had suborned the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray Heaven it be state-matters, as you  
think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answered so ;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous : 't is a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's  
mind !

*Emil.* Lady, Amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk ~~here~~  
about :

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio !

*Cas.* What make you from home ?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?



I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?  
Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?  
O weary reckoning !

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca ;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed ;  
But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[Giving her DESDEMONA'S handkerchief.  
Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this ?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.  
Is it come to this ? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman !  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous  
now  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it ?

*Cas.* I know not neither : I found it in my  
chamber.

I like the work well : ere it be demanded

(As like enough it will), I 'd have it copied :  
Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you ! wherefore ?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general,  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me womaned.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you ?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'T is but a little way, that I can bring you,  
For I attend here ; but I 'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'T is very good : I must be circumstanced.  
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so ?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago ?

*Iago.* What,  
To kiss in private ?

*Oth.* An unauthorised kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend a-bed,  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?  
It is hypocrisy against the devil:  
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt  
Heaven.

*Iago.* If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip.  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then 't is hers, my lord; and, being  
hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too:  
May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;  
They have it very oft that have it not:  
But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By Heaven, I would most gladly have  
forgot it.

Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That 's not so good, now

*Iago.* What, if I had said, I had seen him do  
you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,  
Who, having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convincéd or supplied them, cannot chose  
But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said anything?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but, be you well  
assured,

No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did—I know not what he  
did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on  
her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's  
fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handker-  
chief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;  
—first, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I  
tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in  
such shadowing passion without some instruction.  
It is not words that shakes me thus.—Pish!—

Noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible ?—Confess—  
handkerchief !—O devil !— [*Falls in a trance.*

*Iago.* Work on,

My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are  
caught ;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho ! my lord !  
My lord, I say ! Othello !—

*Enter CASSIO.*

How now, Cassio ?

*Cas.* What 's the matter ?

*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy :  
This is his second fit ; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course ;  
If not, he foams at mouth ; and by-and-by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs :  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight : when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit CASSIO.*

How is it, general ? have you hurt your head ?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me ?

*Iago.* I mock you ! no, by Heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man !

*Oth.* A hornéd man 's a monster, and a beast.

*Iago.* There 's many a beast then in a populous  
city, .

And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it ?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man ;

Think, every bearded fellow that 's but yoked  
May draw with you : there 's millions now alive,  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar : your case is better.  
O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know ;  
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O ! thou art wise ; 't is certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart ;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelméd with your grief—  
A passion most unsuited such a man—  
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;  
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;  
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,  
That dwell in every region of his face ;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife :  
I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience ;  
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago ?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;  
But—dost thou hear ?—most bloody.

*Iago.* That 's not amiss ;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*OTHELLO withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio, as 't is the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes.—  
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;  
And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour  
Quite in the wrong.

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

How do you now, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* The worser, that you give me the addition  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure  
on 't.

[*Speaking lower.*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's  
dower,

How quickly should you speed !

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff !

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Look, how he laughs already !

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue ? I think, 'i faith, she loves  
me.

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Now he denies it faintly, and  
laughs it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio ?

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er. Go to ; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall marry her :  
Do you intend it ?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Do you triumph, Roman ! do you  
triumph ?

*Cas.* I marry her !—what, a customer ? I  
pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit ; do not  
think it so unwholesome :—ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.



*Iago.* Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.—

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Have you scored me? Well.

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Iago beckons me, now he begins the story.

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck;—

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! loek, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

*Enter* BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

*Oth.* [*Aside.*] By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*]

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to ; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.]

*Oth.* [Advancing.] How shall I murder him,  
*Iago?*

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his  
vice?

*Oth.* O, *Iago!*

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand : and to see how he  
prizes the foolish woman, your wife ! she gave it  
him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a-killing.—A  
fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned  
to-night ; for she shall not live. No, my heart is  
turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand  
O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she  
might lie by an emperor's side, and command him  
tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her ! I do but say what she is.—So  
delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician !  
O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of  
so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O! a thousand, a thousand times And then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend: for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes:—cuckold me!

*Iago.* O! 't is foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again.—This night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

*Oth.* Excellent good.—[A trumpet within.]—What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico,

Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and *Attendants*.

*Lod.* God save the worthy general !

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Giving him a packet*

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior :

Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that ?

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* [*Reading.*] " This fail you not to do, as you will "—

*Lod.* He did not call ; he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

*Des.* A most unhappy one : I would do much  
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone !

*Des.* My lord !

*Oth.* Are you wise ?

*Des.* What ! is he angry ?

*Lod.* May be, the letter moved him ;  
For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* Trust me I am glad on 't.

*Oth.* Indeed ?

*Des.* My lord !

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello ?

*Oth.* Devil ! [Striking her.

*Des.* I have not deserved this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believed in  
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much :  
Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil !  
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—  
Out of my sight.

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you.  
[Going.

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady.—  
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress !

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir ?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord ?

*Oth.* Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her  
turn :

Sir, she can turn and turn and yet go on,  
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;  
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,—  
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !—  
I am commanded home.—Get you away ;  
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice.—Hence ! avaunt !—

[*Exit* DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,  
I do entreat that we may sup together :  
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and  
monkeys ! [Exit.]

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full  
senate

Call all-in-all sufficient ? Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

*Iag.*

He is much changed.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe my  
censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—  
I would to Heaven, he were!

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet would I  
knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.* Is it his use!

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe  
him,

And his own courses will denote him so  
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then ?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm ; and then I  
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way ?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
nothing ?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,  
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch have put this in your head  
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse ;  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

*Oth.*

Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I've seen her do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* [*To EMILIA.*] Some of your function, mistress;

Leave procreants alone and shut the door;

Cough or cry hem if anybody come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech  
import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal  
wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself ;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the 'devils them  
selves  
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-  
damned,—  
Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as  
hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord ? with whom ? how am  
I false ?

*Oth.* Ah, Desdemon !—away, away, away !

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ?  
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord ?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleased Heaven  
To try me with affliction ; had they rained  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;  
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips ;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me  
The fixéd figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at,—  
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :  
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,  
Where either I must live or bear no life,  
The fountain from the which my current runs  
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence,  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in !—turn thy complexion  
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin ;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou had'st  
ne'er been born !

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write 'whore' upon ? What committed ?  
Committed !—O thou public commoner !  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed ?  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is husht within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed ?  
Impudent strumpet !

*Des.* By Heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet ?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,  
From any other foul unlawful touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore ?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is't possible ?

*Des.* O, Heaven forgive us !

*Oth.* I cry you mercy then :

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell !

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

You, you, ay, you :

We have done our course ; there's money for your  
pains.

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* 'Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia:  
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,  
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here's a change, indeed!

[*Exit.*]

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.  
How have I been behaved, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

*Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is't  
with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young  
babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady ?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago ?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady ?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He called her whore : a beggar in his  
drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

*Iago.* Why did he so ?

*Des.* I do not know ; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day !

*Emil.* Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be called whore ? would it not make one weep ?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for't !

How comes this trick upon him ?

*Des.* Nay, Heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devised this slander ; I'll be hanged else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man : it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, Heaven pardon him !

*Emil.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones !

Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?

What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow :—  
O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked through the world  
Even from the east to the west !

*Iago.* Speak within door.

*Emil.* O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he was,

That turned your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool ; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?

Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed ;



Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form ;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say ‘ whore : ’  
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;  
To do the act that might the addition earn,  
Not the world’s mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content ; ’tis but his  
humour :

The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If ’t were no other,—

*Iago.* ’Tis but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !

The messengers of Venice stay the meat.

Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo ?

*Rod.* I do not find that thou deal’st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary !

*Rod.* Every day thou daff'st me with some device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it ; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist : you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well ; go to ; very well.

*Rod.* Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man : nor 't is not very well : by this hand, I say it is very scurvy ; and begin to find myself fopped in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona : if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent

my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo : thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but yet, I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it ? is it within reason and compass ?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no ! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing him ?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do ?

*Iago.* Ay : if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him : he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one—you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste : about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,  
and Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me ; 't will do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir ?—

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there : look it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.]

*Emil.* How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return incontinent ;  
He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me !

*Des.* It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu :

We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him.

*Des.* So would not I : my love doth so approve  
him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and  
frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in  
them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on  
the bed.

*Des.* All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our  
minds !—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid called Barbara :  
She was in love ; and he she loved proved mad,  
And did forsake her : she had a song of ' willow ; '  
An old thing 't was, but it expressed her fortune,  
And she died singing it : that song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

*Des.* [*Singing.*]

*The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree ;*

*Sing all a green willow ;*

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee ;*

*Sing willow, willow, willow :*

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her  
moans ;*

*Sing willow, willow, willow :*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones ;*

**Lay** by these.—

*Sing willow, willow, willow.*

Pr'ythee, hie thee : he'll come anon.—

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland,*

*Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—*

Nay, that's not next. — Hark, who is it that  
knocks ?

*Emil.* It is the wind.

*Des.* I called my love, false love ; but what said  
he then ?

*Sing willow, willow, willow :*

*If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.*

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;  
Doth that bode weeping ?

*Emil.* 'T is neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so.—O, these men,  
these men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind ?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world ?

*Emil.* Why, would not you ?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light !

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light :

I might do't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world ?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing : 't is a great  
price

For a small vice.

*Des.* In troth, I think thou wouldst not.



*Emil.* In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for 't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the van-  
tage

As would store the world they played for.

But, I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties

And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite :

Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some  
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,

Their wives have sense like them : they see and  
smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?  
I think it is. And doth affection breed it ?  
I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs ?  
It is so too. And have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have ?  
Then, let them use us well ; else let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night : Heaven me such  
uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight  
will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.

Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand : be bold, and take thy stand. *[Retires.*

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed ;  
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.—  
'T is but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

*Iago.* I have rubbed this young quat almost to  
the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain : live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him

As gifts to Desdemona ;

It must not be : if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life

That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him : there stand I in much  
peril.

No, he must die :—be 't so ; I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait ; 't is he.—Villain, thou  
diest.

*[Rushing out, and making a pass at CASSIO.*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st :  
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds* RODERIGO.

*Rod.*

O, I am slain !

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO  
behind in the leg, and exit.*

*Cas.* I am maimed for ever.—Help, ho ! murder,  
murder ! [Falls.

*Enter* OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio :—Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am !

*Oth.*

It is even so.

*Cas.* O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

*Oth.* 'T is he.—O brave Iago, honest, and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !  
Thou teachest me :—Minion, your dear lies dead,  
And your unblest fate hies :—strumpet, I come !  
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are  
blotted ;  
Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be  
spotted. [Exit.

*Enter* LODOVICO and GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

*Cas.* What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder !  
murder !

*Gra.* 'T is some mischance ; the cry is very  
direful.

*Cas.* O, help !

*Lod.* Hark !

*Rod.* O wretched villain !

*Lod.* Two or three groans — It is a heavy night !  
These may be counterfeits ; let's think 't unsafe  
To come in to the cry without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

*Lod.* Hark !

*Re-enter IAGO, with a light.*

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light  
and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there ? whose noise is this that  
cries on murder ?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry ?

*Cas.* Here, here ! for Heaven's sake, help me !

*Iago.* What's the matter ?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here, that cry so grievously ?

*Cas.* Iago ? O ! I am spoiled, undone by villains :  
Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done  
this ?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains !—  
[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*] What are you there ?  
come in, and give some help.

*Rod.* O, help me here !

*Cas.* That 's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave ! O villain !  
[*Stabs RODERIGO.*]

*Rod.* O damned Iago ! O inhuman dog !

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark !—Where be these  
bloody thieves ?—

How silent is this town !—Ho ! murder ! murder !  
What may you be ? are you of good, or evil ?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico ?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by  
villains.

*Gra.* Cassio ?

*Iago.* How is 't, brother ?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, Heaven forbid !—  
Light, gentlemen ; I 'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

*Iago.* Who is 't that cried?

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

*Cas.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas! he faints.—O Cassio, Cassio,  
Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come.

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O Heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Even he, sir; did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him? ay.

*Iago.* Signor Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in.*]

O! that's well said;—the chair.—

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To BIANCA.*]

For you, mistress,

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,  
Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was between  
you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the  
man.

*Iago.* [*To BIANCA.*] What, look you pale?—  
O, bear him out o' the air.—

[*CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mis-  
tress!

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well: I pray you, look upon her:



Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* 'Las! what's the matter? what's the  
matter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark  
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped.  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruits of whoring.—Pr'ythee,  
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night.—  
What! do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supped at my house; but I therefore  
shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest  
As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I? foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
dressed.—

Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—

Will you go on afore ?—[*Aside*]. This is the night,  
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.—A Bedchamber.

DESDEMONA *in bed asleep. A light burning.*

*Enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars !—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood ;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then,—put out the light :  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore  
Should I repent me ; but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked  
thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither :—I'll smell it on the tree.—  
[*Kissing her.*]  
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last :  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heavenly ;  
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes.

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by  
that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;  
No,—Heaven fend !—I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then, Heaven  
Have mercy on me !

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart !

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum !

*Des.* And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I  
know not

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills for  
loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still !

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter ?

*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I so loved and  
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul !  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury : thou art on thy death bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently :  
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me !

*Oth.* I say, Amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too !—I never did  
Offend you in my life ; never loved Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of Heaven  
As I might love : I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's  
hand.

O perjured woman ! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then ;  
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither ;  
Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confessed.

*Des.* What, my lord ?

*Oth.* That he hath used thee.

*Des.* How ? unlawfully ?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No ; his mouth is stopped :  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

*Des.* <sup>tho'</sup> my fear interprets.—What, is he dead ?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great  
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betrayed, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to  
my face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,—

*Des.* But half an hour!

*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

*Emil.* [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho!  
my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet  
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

*Emil.* [*Within.*] What, ho! my lord, my  
lord!

*Oth.* Who's there!

*Emil.* [*Within.*] O, good my lord! I would speak  
a word with you.

*Oth.* Yes :—'t is Emilia :— by-and-by. — She 's dead.—

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;  
The noise was high. — Ha ! no more moving ?  
Still as the grave.— Shall she come in ! Were 't  
good ?—

I think she stirs again :—no.—What 's best to do ?  
If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife :  
My wife ! my wife ! what wife ?—I have no wife :  
O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil.* [*Within.*] I do beseech you  
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord !

*Oth.* I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—  
Soft,—by-and-by :—let me the curtains draw.—  
Where art thou ? What 's the matter with thee  
now ?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* O, my good lord ! yonder 's foul murder  
done.

*Oth.* What ! now ?

*Emil.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon ;

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has killed a young  
Venetian  
Called Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo killed !  
And Cassio killed !

*Emil.* No ; Cassio is not killed.

*Oth.* Not Cassio killed ! Then murder 's out of  
tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murdered !

*Emil.* Alas ! what cry is that !

*Oth.* That ! what ?

*Emil.* Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice :—  
Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !  
Sweet Desdemona ! O, sweet mistress, speak !

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done this deed ?

*Des.* Nobody ; I myself. Farewell :

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell !

[*Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murdered ?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows !

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so : I must needs report the truth.



*Oth.* She 's like a liar gone to burning hell :  
'T was I that killed her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil !

*Oth.* She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire to say  
That she was false : O, she was heavenly true.

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else.  
O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock ?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been  
true,

If Heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I 'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My 'sband ?

*Oth.* Ay, 't was he that told me first :  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* What needs this iterance, woman ? I say,  
thy husband.

*Emil.* O mistress ! villainy hath made mocks  
with love.—

My husband say that she was false !

*Oth.* He, woman ;  
I say, thy husband : dost understand the word ?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he says so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart :  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Emil.* Do thy worst :  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half that power to do me  
harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !  
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—  
I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !  
The Moor has killed my mistress ! Murder !  
murder !

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general?

*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.  
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought ; and told no  
more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie ; an odious, damnéd lie ;  
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie.—

She false with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your  
tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound  
to speak.

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

*All.* O heavens fend !

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters : it is true, indeed

*Gra.* 'T is a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act !

*Emil.* Villainy ! villainy ! villainy !  
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't :—O villainy !  
I thought so then :—I 'll kill myself for grief.—  
O villainy, villainy !

*Iago.* What ! are you mad ? I charge you, get  
you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to  
speak :

'T is proper I obey him, but not now —  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O ! O ! O ! [Falling on the bed.

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;  
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* [Rising.] O, she was foul.—  
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your  
niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopped.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemon ! I am glad thy father's  
dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobance.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful ; but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed : Cassio confessed it ;  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognisance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand ;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O Heaven ! O heavenly powers !

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'T will out, 't will out :—I hold my peace,  
sir ? no ;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north :  
Let Heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his wife.

*Gra.* Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief  
thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,—  
More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,—  
He begged of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villainous whore !

*Emil.* She give it Cassio ! no, alas ! I found it.  
And I did give 't my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest !

*Emil.* By Heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentle-  
men.—

O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife ?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*]

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven  
But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

*Gra.* The woman falls : sure, he hath killed his  
wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side !

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's killed.

*Mon.* 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this  
weapon,

Which I have here recovered from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without : let him not pass.

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 't is a damnéd slave. [*Exit.*]

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty ?

Let it go all.

*Emil.*

What did thy song bode, lady ?

Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in music.—[*Singing.*] *Willow, willow,  
willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste ? she loved thee, cruel Moor,

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;

So speaking as, I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber ;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear :

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee,

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Oth.*

Behold, I have a weapon ;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I've seen the day,

That with this little arm, and this good sword,

I've made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast !

Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed :

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismayed ? 't is a lost fear :

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires.—Where should Othello go ?—

Now, how dost thou look now ! O ill-starred wench !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl !

Even like thy chastity.

O, curséd, curséd slave !—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight !

Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !

O Desdemon ! dead, Desdemon ! dead ! O !

*Enter* LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and officers, with* IAGO *prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

*Oth.* That's he that was Othello ;—here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet,—but that's a fable :

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds* IAGO.]

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.



*Iago.* I bleed, sir ; but not killed.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither : I 'd have thee live ;  
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou Othello, that wert once so good,  
Fall'n in the practice of a damnéd slave,  
What shall be said to thee ?

*Oth.* Why, anything :  
An honourable murderer, if you will ;  
For nought did I in hate but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confessed **his**  
villainy :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.  
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body ?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing : what you know,  
you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What ! not to pray ?

Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath be-  
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo :  
And here another : the one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain !

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross !

*Lod.* Now, here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damnéd villain ;  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O thou pernicious caitiff !—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,  
That was my wife's ?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber :  
And he himself confessed but even now  
That there he dropped it, for a special purpose  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool ! fool ! fool !

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came  
That I was cast ; and even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us :

Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
If there be any cunning cruelty  
That can torment him much and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they  
know it ;

No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice : then must **you**  
speak

Of one that loved not wisely, but too well ;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued  
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down **this** ;  
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk

Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself]

*Lod.* O bloody period !

*Gra.* All that's spoke is marred.

*Oth.* I kissed thee, ere I killed thee :—no way  
but this, [Falling upon DESDEMONA.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no  
weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* [To IAGO.] O Spartan dog !

More fell than anguish, hunger or the sea !  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;  
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;  
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;  
The time, the place, the torture :—O, enforce it !  
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]



